# A Frayed Knot

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# A Frayed Knot

by Devcipher

Summary

Blue has recently begun traveling with his friends in their newly formed group; The Star Sanses. Blue had heard stories from Ink and Dream (mainly Ink) about the cruel, multiversal destructor that was Error. Blue has always taken the threat of such a monster very seriously.

However, when he first comes face-to-face with the destroyer, he notices something the others have perhaps overlooked. His behaviour was over the top and certainly dangerous, but... it seemed a little lackluster for a supposed heartless villain.

https://www.tiktok.com/@rameniselite/video/7259112769331465518

Now with a tiktok video???? Hello??

Notes

I WAS TOLD I COULD ONLY WRITE ANGST. THAT NO MATTER WHAT ANGST FOUND ITS WAY INTO MY STORIES.

NOT THIS TIME.

OUT OF SPITE, I HAVE WRITTEN SOMETHING ANGST-FREE. SO HA. TAKE THAT.

This can be seen as either a romantic relationship or a queerplatonic relationship. It is entirely up to your interpretation and preference.

Enjoy.

https://www.tiktok.com/@rameniselite/video/7259112769331465518

ALSO HELLO?? SO FLATTERED FOR THE TIKTOK ANIMATION???

See the end of the work for more notes

When Blue had learned of the multiversal theory, he hadn't thought much about it. That was all complex sciency stuff that his brother had more knowledge in, though the idea of alternate realities had seemed pretty neat. He never thought it would mean too much in his own life as he was more concerned with brawns over brains. That was, of course, until he had stumbled across Ink in his world one day.

That day changed pretty much everything for him.

Blue had been thrown headfirst into multiverses, alternative selves, and the reality of timelines and *resets.* That had been a hard one to come to terms with but Blue was nothing if not resilient. With all of these confusing changes, however, also came new friends. Was it narcissistic to be friends with alternative versions of yourself? Blue didn't think too much about it; he *was* quite magnificent, of course, so *of course,* he'd be drawn to other magnificent people like himself!

Ink was a scatterbrain chaotic mess that Blue had trouble predicting. Blue had initially admired the creator for his job and role in the multiverse, thinking he would be a graceful and strong warrior. He was *slightly* mistaken with that mindset. Ink was definitely a tough opponent, Blue agreed with that much, but he certainly wasn't *graceful.* He'd show up to fights occasionally without his weapon or forget who his opponents were midway through the battle. Honestly, it embarrassed the smaller monster sometimes.

Dream was much more levelheaded and collected than Ink, and Blue often saw him as more of a leader than he did Ink. The positive spirit always held an optimistic outlook and kept them all going in rough times, though Blue could see through that surface level. He couldn't imagine how *exhausting* it must be to be in charge of all the positive emotions in the multiverse. He could tell that Dream was grateful for both himself and Ink who expected nothing from him other than

companionship.

Together, they were a group of rather close friends. Blue wouldn't have it any other way and was thankful each day that he had been gifted with such a life. Things may not ever change back home in the Underground, but there was always something new going on outside of it.

While the three of them had mainly met up in a little hideaway Ink had originally made for Dream to lay low, it had become more than just a temporary shelter. Ink had certainly made it more *lived in* if Blue could give it a word. It was a better phrasing than *an absolute mess,* which is closer to what it actually was. Dream seemed pretty content with it at least, if not a little exasperated at how Ink's art supplies had found their way into his home. From there, it changed from a hideaway to their home away from home. Blue had been perfectly happy coming and going as he pleased, cheering up and helping patch up his friends when they'd come back a little battered.

It was there that they decided to band together as a resistance group. The Star Sanses was born to push back the negativity and threats in the multiverse while simultaneously restoring hope to the worlds within it. Dream and Ink had seemed hesitant to bring Blue in on their battles, and Blue understood their original hesitations. Once they had seen him go in battle, however, they lost the majority of their reservations. Dream had commented on how amusing Nightmare's face had been when Blue had taken down Dust by catching his head in an impressive scissor headlock with his legs.

Despite how well they had fought back against Nightmare and his group, there was one entity Blue had yet to meet that was apparently an even bigger threat. Ink had called him Error, the destroyer of worlds. Blue had thought it was a rather dramatic title at first until Ink explained his method of destruction a bit more. Needless to say, Blue took it *very* seriously from that moment on. He couldn't imagine what he could do to a world-ending monster that Ink and Dream had failed to do, but he would certainly try his best.

He couldn't let his friends down.

"Are you *sure* you're feeling up to this?"

Blue gave a patient sigh at Dream's anxious question, watching the positive spirit wring his hands together anxiously. It was the third time Dream had checked in with him and, frankly, Blue was becoming a little irritated by his worry. He knew he meant well, but Blue had held his own just fine in all their other encounters. "Yes, Dream, I'm sure!" He reiterated once more to him. "You're stalling while Ink is out there fighting! He called for assistance and that means we go and *assist."* He nudged him insistently.

Dream gave him another once over before reluctantly moving to summon a portal. "All right, but if at any time you feel overwhelmed, don't be afraid to bail out!" He could see that he had offended Blue at the mere suggestion, but he was just so *concerned.* Blue wasn't like himself or Ink and he had always been trepidatious about pulling him around in their potentially fatal brawls.

"I will do no such thing! Now go! You're wasting time!" Blue huffed as he shoved Dream through his own portal before following him through. Blue gave Dream a pointed look as he landed beside him, but Dream was focused on the scene in front of him. Blue turned his attention from Dream to what had captured his attention, perking up immediately with interest. He could see Ink was ahead of them, panting and holding onto his brush tightly. The swap monster wasn't so much interested in him, however, as he was with his *opponent.*

So... this was Error?

The monster looked like another iteration of himself, though his bones were blackened and there was a wild look in his eyes. There were several colour discrepancies over his body and glitches sparking up and down his bones, error signs floating around in random sections. Blue could see why he had been deemed 'Error', at the very least. The monster seemed to have a set of blue lines down their face that they used to pull strings from. Those strings were draped around the environment, wrapping up whatever they touched and shredding it violently.

Blue could see why they had been so afraid of bringing Blue in on this mission; Error looked as dangerous as they had built him up to be. If he was enough to push Ink back without a struggle then his power was obviously no joke. He could see the moment his eyes slid from Ink to Dream, and then from Dream to Blue. He could tell because the moment they locked eyes, a befuddled expression came over his face. Blue was a little anxious about becoming the object of his interest, but thankfully, his friends were there to draw his attention back pretty quickly.

"Error!" Ink shouted out as Blue and Dream came to flank him on either side. "You're outnumbered! Fall back and leave this world alone!" He called out, causing the glitch to bristle a bit more as pixels rolled through his body. "Urgh, so annoying..." Ink griped. "It's no fun when they don't banter back!"

"Ink! Don't provoke him more!" Dream spoke in a hushed, yet firm voice. "This isn't Nightmare or his gang. He's not going to argue back. If anything, it's only going to make him more destructive." He reminded him. Blue was interested in hearing this, but he kept his eyes on Error for the moment. He watched as the glitch stared down Dream and Ink, face twisting a bit as they spoke in a hushed whisper to one another. Blue couldn't fathom what was increasing the other's hostility as verbal threats and banter hadn't seemed to move him much.

He tensed however as Error turned his sights on him instead, giving him the same challenging look. Blue felt pinned under his gaze, and somehow it felt more threatening than any physical move he could have made. Blue gave a nervous swallow and waved weakly, unsure what else to do while his two deity friends bickered back and forth with one another. The destructive monster seemed to crinkle the bridge of his nose a bit at the gesture, and Blue momentarily believed he was disgusted by his actions. Error seemed to be waiting for something, however, as he stared at Blue. The little guard had no clue why he was pausing his destructive rampage to appraise him, but he wasn't about to question him over it.

Error didn't seem to find whatever he was looking for as he squinted his eyes suspiciously at Blue. He wondered to himself if Error ever actually *spoke* in one of these encounters as his behaviour certainly didn't suggest it. Blue tensed a bit as the monster glanced down at his own hand, a contemplative look in his eyes. He looked back to Blue just as abruptly, which only set him more on edge, before lifting his hand. Blue expected to see a new wave of sharp threads burst forth from his grasp, but the other launched no attack.

He seemed to give the faintest of waves back, a flash of something perhaps a bit vulnerable passing over him before it disappeared again.

Blue was... *perplexed.*

Ink had finally broken away from his talk with Dream, puffed up once more with pride as he pointed his brush at Error. "Anyway, give up, Error! There's no way you can-" He paused his longwinded speech as he noticed the other was openly ignoring him at this point. "Hey! I'm delivering a really heartfelt speech right now and I don't feel like you're appreciating it!" He called out to the glitchy being. Error glanced back at him after a moment, a spark of madness returning to his eyes as he grinned viciously at him.

Blue witnessed some truly carnal disaster that day. Error had mowed them down with practiced ease, though they did push him back pretty well despite it all. Blue had noted some potential weaknesses on the other as he hung toward the back to appraise their fighting. Error seemed to break away from any attack he was making if anyone came at arm's length of him. Blue wasn't sure if that was due to a weakness in hand-to-hand combat or something else. He also noted how the other's eyes would squint and strain if they got too far away, his attacks more likely to miss the further away they got. So he had a sweet spot he liked to keep them in to attack; not too close but not too far.

The other thing Blue noted was how Error's destructive rampage would pitter out after a bit until he was hardly even fighting them anymore. To Blue, it looked as though he was *bored* at one point. Once the fight slowed down enough, the glitchy being disappeared into an equally glitchy portal without a word. The surrounding environment was a mess of broken elements and razorwire-sharp blue strings.

"Augh!" Ink hissed as he wiped a trail of black liquid from the corner of his mouth. "He's such a *pest!* Look at this place!" He complained loudly as he gestured around the area. "This is going to take *hours* for me to fix!" He seemed more irritated by this than the fact that the other had nearly destroyed the world. "Everyone else okay?" He checked as he turned around. Dream was a little battered himself, but he was still standing and gave him a nod.

Blue was standing beside Dream, unscathed and a little shaken from the encounter. Ink seemed to perk up at this, wrapping an arm around his shoulder and grinning. "Not a scratch, huh? We should have known you'd be more than capable of fighting him!" He praised openly. Blue would normally preen under such praise, but something felt off about the encounter he had witnessed. If what Ink had said about Error was true, then the other could probably wipe out the universe at a moment's notice.

If that was the case, why did he spend so much time wrecking the universe and allowing them time to respond? Why didn't he just erase the world while they were in it? Why did he simply stop the fight when it was clear he was winning? There were so many questions he didn't have answers to.

He wasn't certain how, but he was determined to get those answers.

Blue didn't see Error again for a month.

While Nightmare's group had made plenty of messes in the nearby universes, it seemed Error had gone full radio silence. Ink seemed to be in a better mood due to it while Blue was still slightly suspicious over everything. He couldn't work out Error's motives and it drove him *crazy*. Nightmare made his desires and ambitions clear as day and Blue could at least understand what he was trying to accomplish. Error was a mystery to him with no actual hints of his true goal.

Blue had been tirelessly puzzling over this for days now. He had been noticeably distracted, even to his own brother. He had assured him everything was fine and, no, he wasn't too overwhelmed with his 'job' with his friends. He wouldn't admit to him that he *did* find himself a bit in over his head sometimes; it'd only cause him to worry more. Even now, on his routes through his town, he was sidetracked by his thoughts. He was never one to leave a puzzle unsolved, and Error seemed to be the biggest puzzle he'd ever come across.

He paused in his steps halfway through Snowdin Woods, senses becoming hyperaware as he tensed. He could hear a familiar staticky sound in the distance, alerting him to the presence of the dangerous monster. He became more mindful of his body, doing his best to

silence his steps despite the heavy layer of snow underfoot. The static only grew louder the closer he got, and eventually, he could see the glitchy monster from where he hid in the treeline.

Error seemed to be settled in the snow, grumbling quietly to himself as he staunched an area on his humerus. He looked pretty scratched up, much to Blue's surprise. He was a little concerned that the other was just... *sitting* there, bleeding in the snow with a scowl on his face. More glitches were jumping around his body than the last time Blue had seen him, but he chalked that up to the damage his body had taken.

Blue wasn't sure what possessed him to step out of the coverage of the tree line, but the moment he did, Error's posture tensed defensively as he jerked his head up.

"Ahh, hi!" Blue started weakly, holding his hands in front of him to try and assure he was unarmed. "I-I'm not gonna do anything! I just... I thought I heard you out here." He explained, watching how Error tracked his movements. "You look pretty hurt... did Ink do this?"

He was only greeted with more silence.

"Right, um, you don't talk much I guess." Blue mused quietly at the lack of a response. "Well... that's okay!" He assured as he walked a bit closer. He could see the moment the other's limbs bunched up, as though ready to spring up. "No, no! I just... I wanna help." He assured the defensive monster. Error gave him a wary look, looking him up and down a moment questioningly. "Mweh, I know it sounds strange coming from someone who was fighting you, but I don't want you out here in the cold bleeding!" He insisted as he knelt down in the cold snow with him. He kept his distance, not wanting to get close enough to be swiped at.

Error continued to stare at him, watching his every nervous twitch. "Uh... you're Error right?" He questioned, causing the monster to perk his head up a bit. He squinted one eye and moved his hand in a 'so-so' gesture. Blue seemed befuddled at this, furrowing his browbones. "Kind of? Is that what you want to be called?" Blue tried instead. Error simply shrugged in response, seeming unbothered one way or another. "Okay... well! I'm Blue!" He grinned, seeing the other nod a bit. "Yeah, I guess you would know." He frowned as he saw him clench his upper arm tighter, continuing to staunch the wound. "Would you mind if I took a look? You're-"

Blue had started to reach out toward him, which seemed to trigger a violent reaction.

Error's eyes widened as sharp bones erupted between the two of them. Blue gave a startled gasp as he scrambled back a bit in response, seeing the glitch giving him a distrusting stare now. The younger Star didn't understand what triggered such a violent response, and it must have been clear in his expression.

"Don't... touch me."

Blue blinked a few times as Error spoke. His voice was rather garbled and staticky as well, jumping a few pitches at random moments. "Oh! Oh, stars, that was kind of rude of me wasn't it?" He realized after he recovered from the surprise reaction. "I didn't mean to, um, invade your personal space. I only wanted to look at your wounds." He assured the distrustful glitch. "Can I... um, can I see them? Without touching them? Just... you show me instead?" He attempted, daring to scoot the slightest bit closer again. Error looked as though he were ready to protest again, so Blue stopped moving.

This was going to get them nowhere.

"Is there *any way* I can do this that you'd be comfortable with?" Blue questioned him with a frown. Error's face took on a more thoughtful expression, seeming to consider these words before eventually nodding. "Yeah? Okay, great! I'm willing to do it then." He insisted with enthusiasm. Perhaps he shouldn't have been so eager as, soon, a set of strings had shot forth and bound his wrists together. He gave a startled noise as they dragged him along until he was closer to Error, who still looked uncertain to have him that close. Blue glanced down at the strings binding his hands before looking back at him.

"Oh! I see, so you don't have to worry about me touching you."

Error gave him a strange look, as though he had expected him to fight or protest his actions. Once he saw the other monster wasn't going to argue, he reluctantly shrugged his jacket off. Blue leaned forward the slightest bit, causing him to jolt reflexively before relaxing. Blue's face twisted into one of sympathetic pain, noticing the cracked bone revealed in the tear of his sweater. "Yeah, that looks pretty unpleasant. Are you sure I can't wrap it for you?"

He got a low series of dial-up noises in response.

"Okay, okay. Worth a shot." Blue sighed at the other's obvious rejection. "Mweh... well, can I at least give you something to help?" He questioned, shifting his wrists together a bit with discomfort. "I carry some healing items with me just in case I ever need them. They make great snacks too!" He grinned at him, hoping to entice him enough to accept. Error did appear interested, unbinding his hands before scooting back himself to regain some distance.

"Thank you," Blue quickly moved through his inventory to retrieve one of his stored items. He withdrew a Cinnabunny with a pleased smile, looking back to Error with an encouraging smile. "The local shopkeeper makes these. It's... well, it's not the *strongest* healing magic but it's something! It should be enough to stop any bleeding at least." He assured him, holding it out for him. Error was back to looking

extremely hesitant as the other offered it, staring at the hands that were holding it. "I'm not gonna touch you, Error. Just... you take it from me, how's that? You can control how much or little we touch that way."

Error squinted one eye at him, showing his distrust and confusion. Still, a single shaking hand began to reach forward. Blue watched, holding his breath, as Error's arm trembled violently the closer he got. "Hey, it's okay," Blue spoke up, seeing the monster becoming progressively fuzzier and fuzzier with glitches. "Take it slow, okay? Just a little bit at a time, it's not a race." He encouraged, giving him the kindest smile he could muster. Error kept his arm held in place, allowing his body to slowly readjust and the glitches to become less intense. He inched forward the slightest bit more, stopping every time his pixels flared up violently.

He continued this slow progression until his hand was hovering over Blue's open one. Error quickly glanced back up at Blue, trying to gauge any ulterior motive he might have. Blue held himself perfectly still, trying to prove that he wasn't going to betray his trust after getting this far. Suddenly, the glitch snatched the treat before retreating back several feet, body glitching heavily. Blue was beaming at him, however.

"You did it! See? You just have to go at your own pace."

Error gave him a look that Blue had a hard time reading, making him squirm the longer he was subjected to it. Error finally turned his attention to the item he had been given, biting into it with a relieved sound.

Blue felt like he had made some significant progress that day.

"So, Ink, I have a question..."

It had been around a week since Blue's encounter with Error, and he was curious enough to start poking around for some answers. Ink gave a noncommital hum as he continued to sketch, curled up on the opposite side of the couch in their hideaway. Blue had been finding himself more and more preoccupied with thoughts of the destroyer, unable to see him as this bloodthirsty, heartless god.

"Where did Error even come from?"

Ink paused his scribbles, blinking a few times as his eyelights shifted slowly. "Uh, what?" He questioned as he gave him a funny look. "What do you mean? Why do you wanna know?" He pressed curiously. "You ask some interesting questions but that one really takes the cake." He watched Blue shift in place a bit, further confused by his reaction.

"Well," Blue continued with a small shrug. "I keep thinking about our last fight, you know? He seems so... angry, I guess. Like he knows he could just wipe out hundreds of universes a day if he wants to, but he doesn't." It wasn't a complete lie, but it certainly wasn't why he was prying for information. Ink gave a soft 'ah' of understanding, humming quietly to himself. Blue wouldn't be surprised if the other was drawing a complete blank.

"No one really knows!"

"No one? Or *you* don't remember?" Blue gave him an unimpressed look, to which the artist huffed indignantly. "It's not the most farfetched thought, Ink. You've forgotten who Dream was before." He reminded.

"That...! Was a bad day! I just woke up! I was low on paint!" Ink scrambled for an excuse, clearly embarrassed by the reminder. "I'm serious though! He just... seemed to kind of appear one day without warning. I found him after he destroyed a handful of universes. It was completely out of nowhere and he's just *always* been angry since day one. I don't know why, but I won't let that be an excuse for him to do what he does." He frowned as he went back to scribble a bit more aggressively.

Blue hummed a bit at this. "Weird... maybe he's not necessarily *angry*. Just..." He trailed off, unsure how to finish that. Bored? Lonely? Maybe he *was* just angry, but Blue wasn't so certain that was the truth.

"Whatever his reason is, I don't care." Ink replied harshly.

"I know Ink, and that's perfectly valid," Blue assured, which seemed to soothe the rising irritation in the artist. "Well, I'm gonna let you keep working. I just wanted to stop by to ask some questions." He assured as he slipped off the couch. Ink gave another disinterested hum, earning an eye roll from Blue as he portaled his way back into his universe. That hadn't answered much of anything for him, but it at least gave him a new series of things to puzzle over. It wasn't as healthy as just letting the problem go, but at this point, he believed he was pretty solidly invested.

He jolted in shock as he felt a series of strings wrap around his body. He hadn't been paying attention to his surroundings and now, suddenly, he was being dragged through another portal and out of his world. He gave a shout of surprise as he was dangled from these strings in an unfamiliar, white room. He squirmed and struggled, unable to set himself free from the tight grasp. He gave a surprised gasp as he noticed someone staring up at him from below, giving him a curious look.

"Error!" Blue gasped as he continued to squirm. "Put me down! Stars,

there are better ways of getting my attention, you know!" He chided the confused god. He was slowly lowered down to the ground, huffing a bit with irritation as he glanced down at his handkerchief. "Urg... you tore my scarf." He complained before giving him an unimpressed look. Error didn't give away what he was thinking, as usual, settled on a large beanbag in the middle of this white void.

"Erm,"

Blue felt uneasy in this place, finding the lack of colour or scenery rather unnerving. "Is this... where you live?" He questioned. Error nodded once at this, seeming unbothered as he returned to whatever he was doing. Blue gave him a good glance over, soured expression brightening a bit as he did so. "Oh, you sew? And you wear glasses? That makes sense! You seemed a little far-sighted when we fought." He commented, causing the glitch to swiftly remove his glasses and shove them in his pocket. "Aw, don't be embarrassed! I think they look nice! And the things you make?" He held up a small doll that the other had obviously made, admiring it with a grin. "Wowzer, what do you put in them to make them sit up?"

"Dust."

Blue didn't ask any more questions about the dolls.

They sat there in relative silence for a while, the conversation having screeched to a halt. Blue felt that uneasiness returning, having the strongest urge to break the silence in this empty void. "So! Um... why exactly did you drag me here?" He redirected, seeing the other pause his stitching. He looked back up at Blue, as though just remembering he was here in the first place. He sat aside all his materials, sitting up a bit as he suddenly rebound the small Star.

"Error!" He complained as he was restrained, leaving him only able to

move his right arm. "I hate it when you do this! You don't have to tie me up every time we talk!" He complained as the other stood from his sitting area. Blue fell quiet once more as Error approached, slightly afraid that he had brought him here to make him into his next doll stuffing. He had been pretty mouthy and bold to someone who destroys entire worlds, after all. "Um... E-Error?" He attempted again.

The glitchy being didn't say anything, focusing on his free arm. He seemed to be deep in thought, browbones furrowed tightly together as he silently debated something. Blue only felt more anxiety the longer he stood there. His entire body stiffened as Error moved his hand the slightest bit, though he did his best not to flinch. He noticed the small pixelations jumped from his body again, still agitated at the thought of physical contact.

Was he trying to use him to desensitize himself or something?

"Um, okay? I guess??" Blue managed after a moment, keeping his arm still. "You could've just asked... or at least warned me." He muttered as the other continued to focus on his arm. "You're doing better than you did last time, I'll say. The glitching isn't as bad, and you can get a lot further before you have to take a break." He praised, keeping his focus on the other's shaking hand. This meant he missed the expression that flashed over Error's face, but he didn't miss the way his hand steadied a bit.

"Mweh?"

Blue made a confused noise as he grabbed his hand, a bit forcefully at first before it eased up some. The prickling sensation of his glitches momentarily stung Blue's hand before it faded away to slight tingles. He glanced up at Error's face, swallowing any noises or words he felt compelled to make seeing his expression.

Error appeared both fascinated and, perhaps, a bit excited. He lifted their interlocked hands up closer, admiring where they were touching with verve. He seemed both overwhelmed and understimulated at the same time, leaving a complex feeling of frustration and dissatisfaction. He brought their linked hands up even further, carefully leaning the side of his face against the back of Blue's hand. He cringed a moment, the contact causing one eye to fill with errors and temporarily blind it. It began to recede around a minute later, leaving the glitch to give a shaking sigh of relief. He was left with Blue's hand against his face, and he seemed pretty pleased about it.

Blue was stunned into silence as he watched his actions. It wasn't that the glitchy god was angry, bored, or homicidal just for the fun of it.

He wanted attention, and that was the best way he knew how to get it. Negative attention is better than no attention; that's what Blue had heard, at least, from some psychology book he had briefly thumbed through at the dump. Blue might have been the first person to ever give him attention that wasn't negative, so he was looking to him to provide that need. Not only this, but it was clear that he had never been able to handle physical contact before, and though it still seemed to be a struggle, he was trying his damnedest with Blue.

He didn't just crave attention, but affection as well.

Blue huffed out an endeared noise, seeming to startle the glitch back into awareness. "No! You're fine, just," He insisted as the other let go of his hand. Blue took the risk of pressing his hand against his cheek again, wincing as glitches filled both of his eyes this time at the unexpected touch. It took a while for him to calm down enough to see again, and Blue was momentarily afraid he would dust him for being so bold. He didn't, however, as he leaned curiously into Blue's palm. He made a quiet noise as he brought both hands up to further press Blue's palm against his face, nuzzling into it with obvious delight.

As annoyed as Blue was for being strung up to be experimented with,

his soul still melted a bit at his display.

Blue had grown used to the random abductions he had been subjected to. One could even say he had begun to enjoy the unexpected moments he would be dropped into another world or Error's strange anti-void, as the other had called it. Error never talked that much, but he was more interested in trying to communicate with small physical gestures now. Blue still could not fathom a reason why the destroyer had targeted him instead of trying to maim him like the other Stars, but he wasn't going to complain. In fact, the Stars had noticed Error around less and less, though he still stirred up trouble every so often.

Their main issue became Nightmare once again, who had only grown stronger as fewer negative worlds were destroyed due to Error easing off. The three friends hadn't taken into account how this could have buffed the spirit, and by the time they had figured it out, they were already locked in a deadly encounter with his entire group. The fight was messy too, to say the least. Dream had been trying his best to push Nightmare back, but even with his barrage of arrows, the darker twin was still draining his positivity reserves rapidly. Ink had been dealing with a combination of Dust and Killer, a deadly duo when they were working in sync rather than punching each other. Blue was left to avoid Horror's powerful swings and attempt to provide any sort of support to Dream.

Sadly, his own positive disposition could only supply Dream with so much.

Blue gave a choked-off sound as one of Nightmare's tendrils wrapped around his cervical spine. Dream gave a shout as he was dragged away and hoisted up by his darker twin. Blue grasped onto the front of the tendril, loosening it just enough to tuck his chin down. It didn't help him escape, but it eased off the pressure and kept him breathing.

For now, at least.

"Really, Dream?" Nightmare chuckled as he dangled Blue with little care. "Bringing in such fragile little mortals to our games? At least my subordinates are trained to their absolute peak and know the consequences of doing my dirty work." He mocked as Blue kicked his legs out defiantly. "I mean I could simply just," He tightened his hold more, the slippery tendril sliding from Blue's protective tuck and squeezing around his neck again. "Snap his neck. Just like that." He grinned at the terrified look he received.

"D-Don't! Brother, please!" Dream cried out at the obvious threat, glancing back to Ink for any sort of backup. Ink was still pushing back the other two, but it was obvious he was wearing down and getting sloppy. Killer was able to land more frequent blows and Dust was able to crowd him closer to the unstable monster to encourage the onslaught. Dream was beginning to panic a bit, uncertain how this would all turn out in the end.

He glanced over with a shocked sound as Error dropped in beside him, eyes focused on Nightmare. The dark spirit noticed his appearance, tilting his head slightly with another wicked smile on his face. He seemed both amused and curious by his arrival, his free tendrils swaying behind him. "Hello there, destroyer." He noticed the slight twitch it brought forth from the glitch, which only seemed to delight him more. "I'm a little busy with this world right now so, if you could come back later to sweep everything up, that'd be wonderful."

Error continued to silently stare at him, eyes sliding up to where Blue was squirming and clawing at the tendril against his throat.

"Or," Nightmare continued, lowering Blue a bit and waving him teasingly. "Perhaps you were reconsidering your stance with us?" He pressed. "You've slowed your destructive wave and you've grown, perhaps, complaisant?" He goaded him further. Dream was starting to feel apprehensive, going so far as to begin taking steps back away

from Error. He could feel the emotional intent radiating from the glitch and he *knew* Nightmare could too. He really didn't think his brother should be so complacent.

Blue gave another choked sound as his neck began to burn. "Er..."

That's all it seemed to take.

Dream watched with silent awe as the destructive being shot forth his own strings and ensnared each of the tendrils his brother had summoned. With a vicious tug, they were cleanly sliced through and disconnected from his body. Blue crumpled down onto the ground, wheezing a bit as he tried to catch his breath. He could hardly move at this point, barely holding on to consciousness to keep himself from being entirely incapacitated. He could vaguely sense Error standing in front of him, only able to hear the staticky sound of his presence over the loud sounds of blasters and yells.

"Error, that's enough, please!" Dream called out nervously, watching as the glitch held the dark core of his brother's soul in those sharp strings. All of Nightmare's subordinates had backed off from Ink, not wanting to provoke the glitching god into actually killing their leader. "Error! Stop!" He tried again, listening to Nightmare's choked sounds of pain. His breathing was picking up as he began to lose himself to panic, knowing Error was one move away from completely destroying him.

"Error..."

The glitch seemed to respond to this call, pixels rolling up his body a moment as he glanced down at Blue. The wounded monster was gripping onto his ankle, too weak to do much else.

"That's... that's good. You did good. Don't kill him." Blue spoke quietly, unable to muster too much of a voice after being strangled for so long. He could tell Error was extremely hesitant to allow the spirit to go free after everything, but, he finally backed down. Nightmare dropped down onto the ground again with a harsh sound, clutching the front of his shirt tightly. His subordinates quickly rushed him as he hit the ground, ushering him quickly through a portal in an emergency retreat.

Dream breathed out a sound of relief, his hand resting against his own chest as he calmed his anxiety. "Thank you..." He breathed, glancing over to Error again. The god seemed unsatisfied, however, as he crouched down to Blue's level. He carefully sat him up, examining his neck before turning his piercing gaze onto Dream. The positive spirit stiffened up, unsure what he had done to earn his scorn so quickly. He watched as Error gently brushed over Blue's neck, however, and he realized he was trying to *request* something.

"Oh! Right, of course!" Dream was quickly in front of Blue, resting his hands on either side of his neck. He was still feeling rather stripped of magic, however, after being in his brother's presence for so long. "I'm... I'm trying, I am! I don't have a lot of positivity left in me for too much." He explained quietly. Error glanced off to the side a moment, considering Dream's words carefully. He slowly moved his shaking arms around to Blue's torso, managing to hold him without glitching out too much. He felt Blue's hand come to rest against his, giving it a soft pat to reassure him.

Dream was nearly knocked backward by the sudden pulse of positivity that was brought forth from such a small gesture. He flushed a bit as he was revitalized, clearing his throat with embarrassment. "Oh! Okay, um, wow." He had no idea the two of them had any sort of... *thing* going on. He couldn't tell if it was just a very strong bond or something a bit more than that. He wasn't about to ask, however, especially while his friend was struggling to breathe. He was easily able to soothe and heal the majority of the damage, sighing shakily once Blue livened up a bit more.

"Phew... thanks Dream." Blue sighed with relief as one hand moved to rub the front of his neck. "And you, Error. I think we would have been goners if you hadn't shown up. Well, I would have at least." He gave a weak laugh, but Error didn't seem to find it that funny. Blue huffed a bit as he was squeezed harder, grinning weakly. "Okay, okay, I get it. No one died though, so you don't have to squeeze the life out of me." He insisted. The hold eased up into a more manageable embrace, though the god never quite let go of him.

"You gonna be okay if I go make sure Ink isn't dying?" Dream questioned him. They both knew the artist was fine, and any sort of major damage he could fix himself, but damn if the creator wasn't dramatic sometimes. Blue tilted his head back and glanced up, seeing Error looking back down at him as well.

"Yeah, yeah we'll be fine."

"You're... quitting??"

Blue gave them both a sheepish grin as he shrugged. "I didn't say *quit,* you two. I said I'm taking a *hiatus.*" He emphasized. This didn't seem to make a difference to Ink nor Dream, who continued to stare with confusion.

"Why??" Ink questioned with a baffled expression. "You've been doing great though! What changed?"

"I'm also pretty confused?" Dream admitted as Blue gave them both exhausted looks. "If this is about the whole Nightmare thing-"

"No, no it isn't that," Blue assured with a quiet laugh. "I bounced back from that just fine. It's just... well," He shrugged weakly with the same sheepish grin.

"Conflict of interest?"

Both of his friends gave him a bizarre look at this, not seeming to understand what he meant. Before they could question it, however, a glitching portal opened from above their smaller friend. Blue gave an annoyed sigh as he was bound up in blue threads securely.

"Speaking of which, I guess I gotta get going," Blue spoke as he was lifted. "Bye! See you later!" He called before he was completely pulled through the portal. Ink and Dream exchanged a few looks with each other, unsure how to feel about this development.

Meanwhile, Blue was giving Error the same lecture he had a dozen times before.

"You don't have to *drag me* here! You can just open a portal like a normal monster or text me!" Blue huffed as he crossed his arms. Error didn't seem too responsive to this, only staring up at him and waiting for him to finish ranting. Blue noticed he was simply waiting him out, sighing as he turned and flopped down in front of him. The glitch grinned at this, pulling him in closer and resting his chin on the top of his head. "Ugh, you're such a child," Blue complained.

"Maybe."

"No *maybe* to it." Blue shot down immediately, though there was no heat behind his words. He merely relaxed back into the other's hold, smiling to himself as a glitchy one-way screen opened in front of them.

"So, what are we watching today?"

End Notes

um. excuse me. HOW THE FUCK DID THIS GET SO LONG???? HELLO???

It was admittedly hard to keep this strictly fluff with no hard angst. The fight scene isn't really ANGST more than it is, well, just a fight scene. Angst would be if I had to make them make a hard choice or killed someone/brutally maimed someone. I managed to not do any of it!
That's as close to the line as I could get lmao.

I know this is maybe not the greatest, but again, it was a test for myself as well. We will return to your regularly scheduled feel fest starting tomorrow.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!